

A Ballad reiysinge the sodaine fall;

Of Rebels that thought to deuowen vs all.

R Ejoyce with me ye Christians all,
To God geue laude and prayse:
The Rebels stoute have now the fall,
Their force and strength decays.

Which hoped through their Traitors traine,
Their Prince and native soyle:
To put by their deuises vaine,
Unto a deadly foile.

And with their Armies stoute in feldes,
Against their Prince did rise:
And thought by force of Speare and heilde:
to win their enterprise.

It was the Erle of VVestmerland,
that thought him selfe so sure:
By the aide of his Rebellious bande,
his countrie to deuoure.

The Erle eke of Northumberland,
his Traitors parte did take:
With other Rebels of this Lande,
for Aue Maries sake.

Saying they sought for no debate,
Nor nothing els did meane:
But would this Realme weare in the state,
That it before hath ben.

What is that state I would faine know,
That they wold haue againe:
The Popish Masses it is I crowe,
With her abuses vaine.

As by their doings may apeare,
In comming through ech Towne:
The Bibles they did rent and teare,
Like Traytors to the Crowne.

And Traytors vnto god likewise,
By right we may them call:
That do his lawes and woerde despise,
Their Country Queene and all.

The lawes that she established,
According to Gods word,
They seeke to haue abolished,
By force of warre and sword.

forgetting cleane their loyaltie,
That to their Prince they owe:
Their faith and eke fidelitie,
That they to hit shold shew.

And rather seeke to helpe the Pope,
His honour lost to winne,
In whom they put their faith and hope,
To pardon al their sinne.

That if they shold their native Land,
Their Queene and God denie:
They shold haue pardon at his hand,
For their iniquitie.

Therefore with those that loue the Pope,
They did their strength employ:
And therby steadfastly did hope,
Gods flocke cleane to destroy,

And then set vp within this Land,
In euery Churche and towne:
Their Idols on Woodelostes to stand,
Like gods of greate renoune.

Their vulters and tradicions olde,
With painted stocke and sone:
Pardoners and Masses to be solde,
With Kere leyton.

Friars shoule weare their olde graye Townes,
And Maides to Christ shoule com:
then Priestes shoule singe with swauē Crownes
Dominus Vobiscum

All these and such like vanities,
Should then beare all the sway:
And gods word through such fantasies,
Should cleane be layd away.

But like as god did them despise,
Which were in Moyes dayes:
That did a calfe of gold devise,
As god to give him prayse.

And for the same Idolatry,
In one day with the sword:
Did thre and twenty thousand dye,
That did neglect his worde.

The Children eke of Israell,
In Ezechias tyme:
He made among their foes to dwell,
That did Committe that Crime.

But when that Ezechias praied,
To God to helpe his owne:
The Lorde forthwith did send them aside,
Their foes weare ouerthowone.

A hundred Thousande Eightie fine,
By Gods Angelles weare slaine:
And none of them were left aliuine,
That toke his name in Vaine,

Senacheris also the Kinge,
Then of the Assirians:
As he his God was honouring,
Was slaine by his two Sonnes.

Like as he did those Rebels still,
Which did his flocke persewe:
From time to time of his free will,
By force of Warre subdewe.

As Hollifernus and the rest,
He put them still to flight:
That had his little flocke opprest,
In presence of his sighte.

So hath he now these Rebels all,
Through their vngodly trade:
Cast downe into the pit to fall,
That they for others made.

To whom still dally let vs praye,
Our noble Queene to sende,
A prosperous Raigne both night and day,
From her foes to defende.

Her and her Counsaile, Realme and all,
During her noble life:
And that ill hap may them befall,
That seeke for Warre and strife.

FINIS.

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